

*The Historie of*

That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,  
But mark him not a word; O, he is as tedious  
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,  
Worse then a smokie House. I had rather liue  
With Cheefe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,  
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,  
In any Summer-house in Christendome.

*Mor.* In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,  
Exceeding well read and profited  
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lion,  
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull  
As Mines of *India*: shall I tell you, Coosen,  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,  
When you come crosse his humor, faith he does:  
I warrant you, that man is not aloue.  
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,  
Without the tast of danger and reproofe:  
But doe not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

*Mor.* In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,  
And since your comming hither, haue done enough  
To put him quite besides his patience:  
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,  
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,  
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of gouernement,  
Pride, hautinesse, opinion, and disdain;  
The least of which haunting a Nobleman,  
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behind a staine  
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hor.* Well, I am schoold, Good-manners be your speed,  
Heere come our wiues, and let vs take our leaues.

*Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.*

*Mor.* This is the deadly spight that angers me,  
My Wife can speake no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

*Glen.* My Daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,  
Sheele

*Henry t*

Sheele be a fouldier too, sheele

*Mor.* Good father tell her,  
Shall follow in your conduct

*Glendower speakes to her in*  
*him in th*

*Glen.* She is desperat heere,  
A peeuish selfe-wild harlotry,  
good vpon.

*The Lady spe*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy look  
Which thou powrest downe fr  
I am too perfect in, and but for  
In such a parley should I answ

*The Lady againe in*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy kill  
And thats a feeling disputation  
But I will neuer be a truant lou  
Till I haue learn'd thy languag  
Makes *Welsh* as sweets as dittie  
Sung by a faire Queene in a St  
With rauishing diuision to her

*Glen.* Nay, if thou melt, then

*The Lady speakes*

*Mor.* O, I am ingnorance i

*Glen.* She bids you on the w  
And rest your gentle head vp  
And she will sing the song tha  
And on your eyelids crowne t  
Charming your bloud with pl  
Making such difference betwis  
As is the difference betwixt da  
The houre before the heauen  
Begins his golden progresse in

*Mor.* With all my heart I  
By that time will our booke I

*Glen.* Do so, and those Musi  
Hang in the ayre a thousand I  
And straight they shall be he

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